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Dedicated, by Permission, to
S ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THE TEMPEST.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

ette Scene Print.	Designed by	Engraved by
inand & Miranda	I. K. Sherwin	I. K. Sherwin.
Phillips in Mi-		
nda	Ramberg	Various Artists.

BEING THE FIRST NUMBER OF

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SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS,

Printed complete from the Text of

MUEL JOHNSON and GEORGE STEEVENS.

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 The Twenty-Third Numb. is the TAMING OF THE SHREW, do.
 The Twenty-Fourth Number is CYMBELINE, ditto.
 The Twenty-Fifth No. is ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, do.

To the PUBLIC.

THIS Work is intended to supercede the necessity for any other Edition whatever, as it will be calculated to gratify every class of Readers.—The Publisher intends that it shall not only be *the most perfect and beautiful Work* that Britain ever produced, but also, *the cheapest*; he humbly hopes for public Patronage, in proportion to the merits of the undertaking, and he respectfully solicits *particular attention* to the following circumstances.

The Plan is to print each Play, *singly*, and *entire*, from the last revisions of Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, and GEORGE STEEVENS, Esq. &c. with *their Characters* of the Play, and *the Origin of the Fable*, as an Introductory Preface to each Play.

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Act I.

TEMPEST.

Scene I.



Ramberg, Sherwin & Grignon fecit

MISS PHILLIPS in MIRANDA.

*O! the cry did knock
against my very heart. Poor souls! they perish'd.*

Printed for John Bell British Library, Strand Jan^y 21th 1785.



J. K. Sherwin fecit, Engraver to his Majesty, & His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

Miranda — Do you love me?
Ferdinand — O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
Act 3. Scene I.

TEMPEST.

Bell's Edition.

TEMPEST.

B Y

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

Passages omitted in Representation, are distinguished by inverted Commas, thus “

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal *SHAKSPERE* rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the direction of

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND.

MDCCLXXXV.



WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Fourth Edition, 1874.

8vo. 10s. 6d. cloth.

London: Chapman & Co.

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OBSERVATIONS

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF

The TEMPEST.

THE Tempest and *The Midsummer's Night's Dream*, are the noblest efforts of that sublime and amazing imagination peculiar to Shakspeare, which soars above the bounds of nature without forsaking sense : or, more properly, carries nature along with him beyond her established limits. Fletcher seems particularly to have admired these two plays, and hath wrote two in imitation of them, *The Sea Voyage* and *The Faithful Shepherdess*. After him, Sir John Suckling and Milton caught the brightest fire of their imagination from these two plays ; which shines fantastically indeed in *The Goblins*, but much more nobly and serenely in *The Mask at Ludlow-Castle*.

WARBURTON.

No one has been hitherto lucky enough to discover the romance on which Shakspeare may be supposed to have founded this play, the beauties of which could not secure it from the criticism of Ben Jonson, whose malignity appears to have been more than equal to his wit. In the induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, he says ; “ If there be never a *servant* monster in the “ fair, who can help it, nor a nest of *antiques* ? He is loth to “ make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget *Tales*, “ *Tempests*, and such like drolleries.”

STEEVENS.

It is observed of *The Tempest*, that its plan is regular ; this, the author of the *Revisal* thinks, what I think too, an accidental effect of the story, not intended or regarded by our author. But whatever might be Shakspeare's intention in forming or adopting the plot, he hath made it instrumental to the pro-

duction of many characters, diversified with boundless invention, and preserved with profound skill in nature, extensive knowledge of opinions, and accurate observation of life. In a single drama are here exhibited princes, courtiers, and sailors, all speaking in their real characters. Here is the agency of airy spirits, and of an earthly goblin. The operations of magic, the tumults of a storm, the adventures of a desert island, the native effusion of untaught affection, the punishment of guilt, and the final happiness of the pair for whom our passions and reason are equally interested. JOHNSON.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

ALONSO, *King of Naples.*
 SEBASTIAN, *his Brother.*
 PROSPERO, *the rightful Duke of Milan.*
 ANTHONIO, *his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*
 FERDINAND, *Son to the King of Naples.*
 GONZALO, *an honest old Counsellor of Naples.*
 "ADRIAN, } *Lords.*
 FRANCISCO, }
 CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed Slave.*
 TRINCULO, *a Jester.*
 STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler.*
 "Master of a Ship," Boatswain, "and Mariners."

WOMEN,

MIRANDA, *Daughter to Prospero.*
 ARIEL, *an airy Spirit.*
 IRIS,
 CERES, }
 "JUNO, } *Spirits.*
 "Nymphs, }
 Reapers,

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE, *the Sea, with a Ship; afterwards, an uninhabited Island.*



TEMPEST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

On a Ship at Sea. A tempestuous Noise of Thunder and Lightning heard. Enter a Ship-Master and a Boatswain.

Master.

BOATSWAIN,—

Boats. Here, master: What cheer?

Mast. Good: speak to the mariners:—fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir.

[Exit.

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: Take in the top-sail; Tend to the master's whistle;—Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTHONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

10

A iij

Boats.

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour;
Keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these
roarers for the name of king? To cabin; silence:
trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast
aboard. 20

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You
are a counsellor; if you can command these elements
to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will
not handle a rope more; use your authority. If you
cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make
yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the
hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts—Out of our
way, I say. [Exit.]

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: me-
thinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his
complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate,
to his hanging; make the rope of his destiny our
cable, for our own doth little advantage: If he be
not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable.

[Exeunt.]

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the top-mast; yare, lower, lower;
bring her to try with main-course. [A cry within.]
A plague upon this howling! "they are louder than
"the weather, or our office.—"

Re-enter

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTHONIO, and GONZALO,

“ Yet again ? What do you here ? Shall we give
“ o’er and drown ? Have you a mind to sink ? ” 40

Seb. A pox o’ your throat ! you pawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog !

Boats. Work you then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang ! you whoreson, insolent noisemaker ! we are less afraid to be drown’d, than thou art.

Gon. I’ll warrant him from drowning ; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanched wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold ; set her two courses ; off to sea again, lay her off. 51

Enter Mariners wet.

Mar. All lost ! to prayers, to prayers ! all lost !

[*Exeunt.*

“ *Boats.* What, must our mouths be cold ?

“ *Gon.* The king and prince at prayers ! let us assist them,

“ For our case is as theirs.

“ *Seb.* I am out of patience,

“ *Ant.* We’re merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.—

“ This wide-chopp’d rascal ;—Would, thou might’st lie drowning,

“ The washing of ten tides !

“ *Gon.* He’ll be hang’d yet ;

60

“ Though

“ Though every drop of water swear against it,
 “ And gape at wid’st to glut him.
 “ [*A confused noise within*] Mercy on us!—
 “ We split, we split!—Farewel, my wife and chil-
 “ dren!—Farewel, brother!—We split, we split,
 we split—

“ *Ant.* Let’s all sink with the king. [Exit.

“ *Seb.* Let’s take leave of him. [Exit.

“ *Gon.* Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea
 “ for an acre of barren ground ; long heath, brown
 “ furze, any thing : The wills above be done, but I
 “ would fain die a dry death !” [Exit.

SCENE II.

The enchanted Island : before the Cell of PROSPERO.
Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
 Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them :
 The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
 But that the sea, mounting to the welkin’s cheek,
 Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer’d
 With those that I saw suffer ! a brave vessel,
 Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
 Dash’d all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
 Against my very heart ! Poor souls ! they perish’d.
 Had I been any god of power, I would
 Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere

81

It

It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The freighting souls within her.

Pro. Be collected ;
No more amazement : tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O, woe the day !

Pro. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee, 90
(Of thee, my dear one ! thee, my daughter !) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am ; nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time,
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So ; 100
[Lays down his mantle.

Lye there my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes ; have com-
fort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.

Sit down ;
For thou must now know further.

Mira.

Mira. You have often 110
Begun to tell me what I am ; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition ;
Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*—

Pro. The hour's now come ;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear ;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell ?
I do not think thou canst ; for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

Mira. Certainly, sir, I can. 120

Pro. By what ? by any other house, or person ?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off ;
And rather like a dream, than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants : Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me ?

Pro. Thou had'st, and more, Miranda : But how
is it,
That this lives in thy mind ? What see'st thou else
In the dark back-ward and abysm of time ? 130
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here ;
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years
since,
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father ?

Pro.

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
 She said—thou wast my daughter ; and thy father
 Was duke of Milan ; thou his only heir 140
 And princess, no worse issu'd.

Mira. O the heavens !
 What foul play had we, that we came from thence ?
 Or blessed was't, we did ?

Pro. Both, both, my girl :
 By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence ;
 But blessedly help hither.

Mira. O, my heart bleeds
 To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
 Which is from my remembrance ! Please you fur-
 ther. 150

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, called Anthonio,—
 I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
 Be so perfidious !—he whom, next thyself,
 Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
 The manage of my state ; as, at that time,
 Through all the signiories it was the first,
 And Prospero the prime duke ; being so reputed
 In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
 Without a parallel ; those being all my study,
 The government I cast upon my brother, 160
 And to my state grew stranger, being transported,
 And wrapp'd in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
 Dost thou attend me ?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

“ *Pro.* Being once perfected how to grant suits,
 “ How to deny them ; whom to advance, and whom
 “ To

“ To trash for over-topping ; new created
 “ The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang’d ’em,
 “ Or else new form’d ’em : having both the key
 “ Of officer and office, set all hearts i’ the state 170
 “ To what tune pleas’d his ear ; that now he was
 “ The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
 “ And suck’d my verdure out on’t.”—Thou attend’st
 not.

“ *Mira.* O good sir, I do.

“ *Pro.* I pray thee, mark me.

“ I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
 “ To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
 “ With that, which, but by being so retir’d,
 “ O’er priz’d all popular rate, in my false brother
 “ Awak’d an evil nature : and my trust, 180
 “ Like a good parent, did beget of him
 “ A falshood, in its contrary as great
 “ As my trust was ; which had, indeed, no limit,
 “ A confidence sans bound.” He being thus lorded,
 Not only with what my revenue yielded,
 But what my power might else exact,—like one,
 Who having unto truth, by telling of it,
 Made such a sinner of his memory,
 To credit his own lie,—he did believe
 He was, indeed, the duke ; out of the substitution,
 And executing the outward face of royalty, 191
 With all prerogative :—Hence his ambition grow-
 ing,—

Dost thou hear ?

Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pro.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan: Me, poor man!—my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates,
So dry he was for sway, with the king of Naples 200
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd (alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heavens!

Pro. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell
me,
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
“Good wombs have borne bad sons.” 210

Pro. Now the condition.
This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he in lieu o' the premises,—
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: Whereon,
A treacherous army levy'd, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Anthonio open 220
The gates of Milan; and, i'the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity !
I, not remembering how I cry'd out then,
Will cry it o'er again ; it is a hint,
That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon us ; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent. 231

Mira. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us ?

Pro. Well demanded, wench ;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not ;
(So dear the love my people bore me) nor set
A mark so bloody on the business ; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark ;
Bore us some leagues to sea ; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcase of a boat, not rigg'd, 241
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast ; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it : there they hoist us
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us ; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack ! what trouble
Was I then to you !

Pro. O ! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me ! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven, 251
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt ;
Under my burden groan'd ; which rais'd in me

An

An undergoing stomach to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we ashore ?

Pro. By Providence divine.

Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, who being then appointed 260
Master of this design, did give us ; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much : so, of his gentle-
ness,

Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mira. Would I might
But ever see that man !

Pro. Now, I arise :—

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd ; and here 270
Have I, thy school-master, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heavens thank you for't !—And now, I pray
you, sir,
(For still 'tis beating in my mind) your reason
For raising this sea-storm ?

Pro. Know thus far forth.—

By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies 280
Brought to this shore : and by my prescience

B i j

I find

I find my zenith doth depend upon
 A most auspicious star; whose influence
 If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
 Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions;
 Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
 And give it way:—I know, thou canst not choose.—

[MIRANDA sleeps.]

Come away, servant, come: I am ready now;
 Approach, my Ariel, come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ariel. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I
 come 290

To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
 To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
 On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding, task
 Ariel, and all his quality.

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
 Perform'd to point the tempest that I bad thee?

Ari. To every article.
 I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
 Now in the waste, the deck, in every cabin,
 I flam'd amazement: Sometimes, I'd divide, 300
 And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
 The yards, and bolt-sprit, would I flame distinctly,
 Then meet, and join: Jove's lightnings, the precursors
 O' the dreadful thunder-clap, more momentary
 And sight-out-running were not; the fire, and cracks
 Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
 Seem'd

Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil 310
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation: All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, *Hell is empty,*
And all the devils are here.

Pro. Why, that's my spirit! 320
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle:
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting, 330
His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once

Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
 From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid :
 The mariners all under hatches stow'd ;
 Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
 I have left asleep : and for the rest o' the fleet, 341
 Which I dispers'd, they all have met again ;
 And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
 Bound sadly home for Naples ;
 Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
 And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
 Exactly is perform'd ; but there's more work :
 What is the time o' the day ?

Ari. Past the mid season. 350

Pro. At least two glasses : The time 'twixt six and
 now,
 Must by us both be spent most precious.

Ari. Is there more toil ? Since thou dost give me
 pains,
 Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
 Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now ? moody ?
 What is't thou can'st demand ?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out ? no more.

Ari. I pray thee : 360
 Remember, I have done thee worthy service ;
 Told thee no lies, made thee no mistaking, serv'd
 Without or grudge, or grumblings : thou didst
 promise

To

To bate me a full year.

Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

“*Pro.* Thou dost; and think’st it much, to tread
the ooze

“Of the salt deep;

“To run upon the sharp wind of the north; 370

“To do me business in the veins o’ the earth,

“When it is bak’d with frost.

“*Ari.* I do not, sir.”

Pro. Thou ly’st, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age, and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pro. Thou hast: Where was she born? speak;
tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pro. Oh, was she so? I must, 380
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forgett’st. This damn’d witch, Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know’st, was banish’d; for one thing she did,
They would not take her life: Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, sir,

Pro. This blue-ey’d hag was hither brought with
child,

And here was left by the sailors: Thou, my slave,
As thou report’st thyself, wast then her servant: 390
And,

And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine ; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years ; within which space she died,
And left thee there ; where thou didst vent thy
groans

As fast as mill-wheels strike : Then was this island,
(Save for the son that she did litter here, 404
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes ; Caliban her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so ; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in : thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears ; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax 410
Could not again undo ; it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master :
I will be correspondent to command,

And

And do my spiriting gently.

420

Pro. Do so ; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master !
What shall I do ? say what ? what shall I do ?

Pro. Go make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea :
Be subject to no sight but thine and mine ; invisible
To every eye-ball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in it : go, hence, with diligence.
[Exit ARIEL.]

Awake, dear heart, awake ! thou hast slept well ;
Awake !

530

Mira. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off : come on ;
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him : he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood ; and serves in offices
That profit us. What ho ! slave ! Caliban !
Thou earth, thou ! speak.

440

Cal. [Within.] There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say ; there's other business for
thee :

Come, thou tortoise ! when ?

Enter ARIEL like a Water-Nymph.

Fine apparition ! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done.

[*Exit.*

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself

Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have
cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em. 460

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou stroak'dst me, and mad'st much of me; would'st
give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And shew'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and
fertile;
Curs'd be I, that I did so!—All the charms 470
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For

For I am all the subjects that you have,
Who first was mine own king; and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of the island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have us'd
thee,

Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child. 480

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho!—Wou'd it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorred slave;
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thy own meaning, but would'st gabble like
A thing more brutish, I endow'd thy purposes 490
With words that made them known: "But thy vile
race,

" Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good
natures

" Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou

" Deservedly confin'd into this rock,

" Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison."

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: The red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!

Pro.

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!
 Fetch us in fewel; and be quick, thou wer't best, 500
 To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
 If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
 What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
 Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
 That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, 'pray thee!—
 I must obey: his art is of such power, [Aside.
 It would controul my dam's god Setebos,
 And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave; hence! [Exit Caliban. 510

*Enter FERDINAND at the remotest part of the stage, and
 ARIEL invisible, playing and singing.*

ARIEL's Song.

Come unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands:
 Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,
 (The wild waves whist)
 Foot it featly here and there;
 And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
 Hark, hark!

Bur. Bowgh, wowgh, [dispersedly.
 The watch-dogs bark:

Bur. Bowgh, wowgh.

Hark, hark! I hear

520

The strain of strutting chanticlere
 Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

Fer.

Fer. Where should this musick be? i' the air, or
the earth?

It sounds no more:—and sure, it waits upon
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This musick crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it, 530
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL's Song.

*Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls, that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change,
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Hark, now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.
[Burden, ding-dong.*

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd
father:— 541

This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say, what thou seest yond'.

Mira. What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,

It carries a brave form :—But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No, wench; it eats, and sleeps, and hath
such senses 549

As we have, such: This gallant, which thou see'st,
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call
him

A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.

Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on, I see, [Aside.
As my soul prompts it :—Spirit, fine spirit, I'll free
thee

Within two days for this. 560

Fer. Most sure; the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my prayer
May know, if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid, or no?

Mira. No wonder, sir;
But, certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens!— 570
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

Fer.

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples: He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.

Mira. Alack, for mercy! 580

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of
Milan,

And his brave son, being twain,

Pro. The duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could controul thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't:—At the first sight

“ [*Aside to ARIEL.* ”

They have chang'd eyes:—“ Delicate Ariel,
“ I'll set thee free for this.”—A word, good sir;
I fear, you have done yourself some wrong: a word—

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that I e'er saw; the first, 590
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, sir, one word more,—
They are both in either's powers; but this swift bu-
siness

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning [*Aside.*
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge
thee,

That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp 600

The name thou ow'st not ; and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a
temple :

If the ill spirit have so fair an house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. [*To Ferd.*] Follow me.—
Speak not you for him ; he's a traitor.—Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together : 610
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled : Follow.

Fer. No ;
I will resist such entertainment, 'till
Mine enemy has more power. [*He draws.*

Mira. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro. What, I say, 620
My foot my tutor ?—Put thy sword up, traitor ;
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike, thy con-
science

Is so possess'd with guilt : come from thy ward ;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you, father !

Pro. Hence ; hang not on my garments.

Mira.

Mira. Sir, have pity ;
I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence : one word more 630
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,
An advocate for an impostor ? hush !
Thou think'st, there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban ; Foolish wench !
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble ; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on ; obey : [To FERDINAND] 640
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are :
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid : all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of ; space enough 650
Have I, in such a prison.

Pro. It works :—Come on.
[To ARIEL.] Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—
Follow me.

Hark, what thou else shalt do me.

Mira. Be of comfort ;
My father's of a better nature, sir,

Than he appears by speech ; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free 660
As mountain winds : but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.

Pro. Come, follow : Speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

Act II. SCENE I.

*Another Part of the Island. Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN,
ANTHONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO,
and others.*

Gonzalo.

B E S E E C H you, sir, be merry ; you have cause
(So have we all) of joy ; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss : Our hint of woe
Is common ; every day, some sailor's wife,
The master of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe : but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us : then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace. 10

“ *Seb.* He receives comfort like cold porridge.

“ *Ant.* The visitor will not give him o'er so.

“ *Seb.* Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit ;
“ by and by it will strike,

“ *Gon.* Sir,—

“ *Seb.*

“ *Seb.* One :—Tell.

“ *Gon.* When every grief is entertain’d, that’s
offer’d,

“ Comes to the entertainer—

“ *Seb.* A dollar.

“ *Gon.* Dolour comes to him, indeed ; you have
spoken truer than you purpos’d. 21

“ *Seb.* You have taken it wiselier than I meant you
should.

“ Therefore, my lord,—

“ *Ant.* Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue !

“ *Alon.* I pr’ythee, spare.

“ *Gon.* Well, I have done : But yet—

“ *Seb.* He will be talking.

“ *Ant.* Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good
wager, first begins to crow ? 30

“ *Seb.* The old cock.

“ *Ant.* The cockrel.

“ *Seb.* Done ; the wager ?

“ *Ant.* A laughter.

“ *Seb.* A match.

“ *Adr.* Though this island seem to be desert,—

“ *Seb.* Ha, ha, ha !

“ *Ant.* So, you’ve pay’d.

“ *Adr.* Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

“ *Seb.* Yet, 40

“ *Adr.* Yet—

“ *Ant.* He could not miss’t.

“ *Adr.* It must needs be of subtle, tender, and de-
licate temperance.

“ *Ant.*

" *Ant.* Temperance was a delicate wench.

" *Seb.* Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly deliver'd.

" *Adr.* The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

" *Seb.* As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

" *Ant.* Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen. 50

" *Gon.* Here is every thing advantageous to life.

" *Ant.* True; save means to live.

" *Seb.* Of that there's none, or little.

" *Gon.* How lush and lusty the grass looks? how green?

" *Ant.* The ground, indeed, is tawny.

" *Seb.* With an eye of green in't.

" *Ant.* He misses not much.

" *Seb.* No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

" *Gon.* But the rarity of it is (which is, indeed, almost beyond credit)— 60

" *Seb.* As many vouch'd rarities are.

" *Gon.* That our garments, being, as they were, drench'd in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness, and glosses; being rather new dy'd, than stain'd with salt water.

" *Ant.* If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

" *Seb.* Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report."

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Africk, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.

“ *Seb.* ’Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well
“ in our return.

“ *Adr.* Tunis was never grac’d before with such a
“ paragon to their queen.

“ *Gon.* Not since widow Dido’s time.

“ *Ant.* Widow? a pox o’ that! How came that
“ widow in? Widow Dido! 79

“ *Seb.* What if he had said, widower Æneas too?
“ good lord, how you take it!

“ *Adr.* Widow Dido, said you? you make me
“ study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

“ *Gon.* This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

“ *Adr.* Carthage?

“ *Gon.* I assure you, Carthage.

“ *Ant.* His word is more than the miraculous harp.

“ *Seb.* He hath rais’d the wall, and houses too.

“ *Ant.* What impossible matter will he make easy
“ next? 90

“ *Seb.* I think, he will carry this island home in his
“ pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

“ *Ant.* And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea,
“ bring forth more islands.

“ *Gon.* Ay?

“ *Ant.* Why, in good time.

“ *Gon.* Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem
“ now as fresh, as when we were at Tunis at the
“ marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

“ *Ant.* And the rarest that e’er came there. 100

“ *Seb.* Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

“ *Ant.* O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

“ *Gon.*

“ *Gon.* Is not, sir, my doublet, as fresh as the first
“ day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

“ *Ant.* That sort was well fish’d for.

“ *Gon.* When I wore it at your daughter’s marriage?”

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against
The stomach of my sense: ’Would I had never
Marry’d my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; “ and, in my rate, she too, 110
“ Who is so far from Italy remov’d,
“ I ne’er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
“ Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
“ Hath made his meal on thee!”

Fran. Sir, he may live;
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; “ he trod the water,
“ Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
“ The surge most swoln that met him:” his bold
head

’Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar’d 120
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o’er his wave-worn basis bow’d,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he’s gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss;
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish’d from your eye
Who hath cause to wet the grief on’t. 130

Alon.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise

By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd, between lothness and obedience, at
Which end the beam should bow. We have lost your
son,

I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them; the fault's
Your own.

Alon. So is the dearest o' the loss.

140

Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaister.

“*Seb.* Very well.

“*Ant.* And most chirurgionly.

“*Gon.* It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
“When you are cloudy.

“*Seb.* Foul weather?

“*Ant.* Very foul.”

150

Gon. Had I the plantation of this isle, my lord,—

“*Ant.* He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

“*Seb.* Or docks, or mallows.

“*Gon.* And were the king of it, what would I do?

“*Seb.* 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

“*Gon.* I' the commonwealth, I would by contraries

“Execute all things: for no kind of traffick

“Would I admit; no name of mag'strate;

“Letters

" Letters should not be known ; riches, poverty,
 " And use of service, none ; contract, succession,
 " Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none : 161
 " No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil :
 " No occupation ; all men idle, all,
 " And women too, but innocent and pure :
 " No sovereignty.

" *Seb.* And yet he would be king on't.

" *Ant.* The latter end of his commonwealth forgets
 " the beginning.

" *Gon.* All things in common nature should produce
 " Without sweat or endeavour : treason, felony, 170
 " Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
 " Would I not have ; but nature should bring forth,
 " Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance
 " To feed my innocent people.

" *Seb.* No marrying 'mong his subjects ?

" *Ant.* None, man : all idle ; whores, and knaves.

" *Gon.* " I would with such perfection govern, sir,
 To excel the golden age.

" *Seb.* 'Save his majesty !

" *Ant.* Long live Gonzalo ! 180

" *Gon.* And, do you mark me, sir ?

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more ; thou dost talk nothing to
 me.

" *Gon.* I do well believe your highness ; and did it
 " to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of
 " such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use
 " to laugh at nothing.

" *Ant.* 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

“Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am
“nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at
“nothing still. 191

“Ant. What a blow was there given?

“Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

“Gon. You are gentlemen of brave metal; you
“would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would
“continue in it five weeks without changing.”

“Enter ARIEL, playing solemn Musick.

“Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

“Ant. Nay, my good lord, be not angry.

“Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my
“discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep,
“for I am very heavy? 201

“Ant.” Go, sleep, and hear us.

[GONZ. ADR. FRA. &c. sleep.

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I
find

They are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:

It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,

It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,

Will guard your person, while you take your rest,

And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you: Wond'rous heavy——

[All sleep but SEB. and ANT.

D

Seb.

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them ?

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids sink ? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I ; my spirits are nimble.

They fell together all, as by consent ; 220

They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,

Worthy Sebastian ?—O, what might ?—No more :—

And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,

What thou should'st be : the occasion speaks thee ;

and

My strong imagination sees a crown

Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking ?

“ *Ant.* Do you not hear me speak ?

“ *Seb.* I do ; and, surely,

“ It is a sleepy language ; and thou speak'st 230

“ Out of thy sleep : What is it thou didst say ?

“ This is a strange repose, to be asleep

“ With eyes wide open ; standing, speaking, moving ;

“ And yet so fast asleep.”

Ant. Noble Sebastian,

Thou let'st thy fortune sleep, “ die rather ; wink'st

“ Whiles thou art waking.

“ *Seb.* Thou dost snore distinctly ;

“ There's meaning in thy snores.

“ *Ant.* I am more serious than my custom : you

“ Must be so too, if heed me ; which to do, 241

“ Trebles thee o'er.

“ *Seb.*

“ *Seb.* Well ; I am standing water.

“ *Ant.* I’ll teach you how to flow.

“ *Seb.* Do so : to ebb,

“ Hereditary sloth instructs me.

“ *Ant.* O,

“ If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,

“ Whilst thus you mock it ! how, in stripping it,

“ You more invest it ! Ebbing men, indeed, 250

“ Most often, do so near the bottom run,

“ By their own fear, or sloth.”

“ *Seb.* Pr’ythee, say on :

The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim

A matter from thee ; and a birth, indeed,

Which throes thee much to yield.

“ *Ant.* Thus, sir :

“ Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,

“ (Who shall be of as little memory,

“ When he is earth’d) hath here almost persuaded

“ (For he’s a spirit of persuasion, only 261

“ Professes to persuade) the king, his son’s alive ;

“ ’Tis as impossible that he’s undrown’d,

“ As he, that sleeps here, swims.

“ *Seb.* I have no hope

“ That he’s undrown’d.

“ *Ant.* O, out of that no hope,

“ What great hope have you ! no hope, that way, is

“ Another way so high an hope, that even

“ Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond, 270

“ But doubts discovery there.” Will you grant

wit me,

Dij

That

That Ferdinand is drown'd ?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples ?

“ *Seb.* Claribel.

“ *Ant.* She that is queen of Tunis ; she that dwells
“ Ten leagues beyond man's life ; she that from
Naples

“ Can have no note, unless the sun were post,

“ (The man i' the moon's too slow) till new-born
chins 280

“ Be rough and razorable ; she, from whom

“ We were all sea-swallow'd, though some cast
again ;

“ And, by that destiny, to perform an act,

“ Whereof what's past is prologue ; what to come,

“ In yours, and my discharge.”

Seb. What stuff is this ?—“ How say you ?

“ 'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis ;

“ So is she heir of Naples ; 'twixt which regions

“ There is some space.”

Ant. “ A space, whose every cubit 291

“ Seems to cry out, *How shall that Claribel*

“ *Measure us back to Naples ?*—Keep in Tunis,

“ And let Sebastian wake !”—Say, this were death

That now hath seiz'd them ; why, they were no
worse

Than now they are ; There be that can rule Naples,

As well as he that sleeps ; “ lords, that can prate

“ As amply, and unnecessarily,

“ As

“ As this Gonzalo ; I myself could make
 “ A chough of as deep chat.” O, that you bore
 The mind that I do ! what a sleep were this 301
 For your advancement ! Do you understand me ?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content
 Tender your own good fortune ?

Seb. I remember
 You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True :
 And, look, how well my garments sit upon me ;
 Much feater than before : My brother’s servants 310
 Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience——

Ant. Aye, sir ; where lies that ? “ if it were a
 kybe,

“ ’Twould put me to my slipper ; But I feel not
 “ This deity in my bosom :” twenty consciences,
 That stand ’twixt me and Milan, candy’d be they,
 And melt, e’er they molest. Here lies your brother,
 No better than the earth he lies upon,
 If he were that which now he’s like, that’s dead ;
 Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of
 it, 320

Can lay to bed for ever : whiles you, doing thus,
 To the perpetual wink, for ay might put
 This ancient morsel, this sir Prudence, who
 Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
 “ They’ll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk ;”
 They’ll tell the clock to any business that

We say befits the hour,

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the king shall love thee. 332

Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word. [They converse apart.

Enter ARIEL, with Musick and Song.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the
danger,
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth
(For else his project dies) to keep them living.
[Sings in GONZALO's Ear,

While you here do snoring lie, 340
Open-ey'd conspiracy
His time doth take;
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake! awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king!

[They wake.

Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake? Why are you
drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter? 350

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?
It strook mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo? 359

Gon. Upon my honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shak'd you, sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That's verity: 'Tis best we stand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further
search

For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.

Alon. Lead away. 370

“*Ari.* Prospero my lord shall know what I have
done. [Aside.

“So king, go safely on to seek thy son.” [Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Island. Enter CALIBAN with a Burden of Wood : A Noise of Thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make
him

By inch-meal a disease ! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em ; but
For every trifle they are set upon me : 380
Sometime like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after, bite me ; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall ; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness :—Lo ! now ! lo !

Enter TRINCULO,

Here comes a spirit of his ; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly : I'll fall flat ;
Perchance, he will not mind me. 389

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off
any weather at all, and another storm brewing ; I hear
it sing i' the wind : yond' same black cloud, yond'
huge one, looks like a foul bumbar'd that would
shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it did be-
fore,

fore, I know not where to hide my head : yond' same cloud cannot chuse but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here ? a man or a fish ? Dead or alive ? A fish : he smells like a fish ; a very ancient and fish-like smell ; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish ! Were I in England now (as once I was) and had but this fish painted, not a holiday-fool there but would give a piece of silver : there would this monster make a man ; any strange beast there makes a man : when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man ! and his fins like arms ! Warm, o' my troth ! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer ; this is no fish, but an islander, that has lately suffer'd by a thunder-bolt. Alas ! the storm is come again : my best way is to creep under his gaberdine ; there is no other shelter hereabout : Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows : I will here shrowd, till the dregs of the storm be past.

414

Enter STEPHANO singing, a Bottle in his Hand.

Ste. *I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I dye a-shore,—*

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral :
Well, here's my comfort. [Drinks.]

*The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner and his mate,*

420

*Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate ;*

For

*For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go, hang :
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a taylor might scratch her where-e'er she did itch :
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.*

This is a scurvy tune too : But here's my comfort.

[Drinks.

Cal. Do not torment me : Oh ! 429

Ste. What's the matter ? Have we devils here ?
Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of
Inde ? Ha ! I have not 'scap'd drowning, to be afraid
now of your four legs ; for it hath been said, As
proper a man as ever went upon four legs, cannot
make him give ground : and it shall be said so again,
while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me : Oh !

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four
legs ; who has got, as I take it, an ague : Where the
devil should he learn our language ? I will give him
some relief, if it be but for that : If I can recover
him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with
him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on
neats-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee ; I'll bring my
wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now ; and does not talk after the
wisest : He shall taste of my bottle : if he never
drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit : if
I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not
take

take too much for him ; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt ; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling : Now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways ; open your mouth ; here is that which will give language to you, cat ; open your mouth : this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly ; you cannot tell who's your friend ; open your chaps again. 460

Trin. I should know that voice : It should be,—
But he is drown'd ; and these are devils : O ! defend me !—

Ste. Four legs, and two voices ; a most delicate monster ! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend ; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague : Come—Amen : I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano,— 470

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me ? Mercy ! mercy ! This is a devil, and no monster : I will leave him ; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano !—if thou be'st Stephano, touch me, and speak to me ; for I am Trinculo ;—be not afraid,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou be'st Trinculo, come forth ; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs ; if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed :
How

How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf?
can he vent Trinculos? 481

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke:
—But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? “I hope
“now, thou art not drown'd. Is the storm over-
“blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaber-
“dine, for fear of the storm:” And art thou living,
Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scap'd!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my stomach
is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprights.
That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How did'st thou 'scape? How cam'st thou
hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither.
I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heav'd
over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark
of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast
a-shore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true
subject; for the liquor is not earthly. 500

Ste. Here; swear then, how escap'dst thou?

Trin. Swom a-shore, man, like a duck; I can swim
like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book: Though thou can'st
swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock
by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now,
moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal.

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven? 510

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my mistress shew'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

“*Trin.* By this good light this is a very shallow monster:—I afraid of him?—a very weak monster:—
“The man i' the moon!—a most poor credulous monster:—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.” 521

Cal. I'll shew thee every fertile inch o' the isle; And I will kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

“*Cal.* I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.

“*Ste.* Come on then; down, and swear.

“*Trin.* I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him— 530

“*Ste.* Come, kiss.

“*Trin.* —But that the poor monster's in drink;
“An abominable monster!”

Cal. I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

E

Thou

Thou world'rous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster ; to make a wonder of a poor drunkard. 543

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow ;

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts ;

Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how

To snare the nimble marmozet ; I'll bring thee

To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee

Young scamels from the rock : Wilt thou go with me ?

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company being drown'd, we will inherit here.—Here ; bear my bottle ! Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again. 551

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly.*] Farewel master ; farewel, farewel.

Trin. A howling monster ; a drunken monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish ;

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring,

Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish ;

Ban' Ban', Ca—Caliban,

Has a new master—Get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day ! hey-day, freedom ! freedom,
hey-day, freedom !

Ste. O brave monster ! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Before PROSPERO's Cell. Enter FERDINAND, bearing
a Log.*

Ferdinand

THERE be some sports are painful ; but their labour
Delight in them sets off : some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone ; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me, as odious ; but
The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures : O, she is
Ten times more gentle, than her father's crabbed ;
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up, 10
Upon a sore injunction : My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work ; and says, such
baseness
Had ne'er like executor. I forget :
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours ;
Most busy-less, when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA, "and PROSPERO at a Distance."

Mira. Alas, now ! pray you,
Work not so hard : I would, the lightning had
Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoin'd to pile !
Pray, set it down, and rest you : when this burns,
'Twill weep for having weary'd you : My father 20

E i j

Is

Is hard at study ; pray now, rest yourself ;
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while : Pray, give me that ;
I'll carry't to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature ;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back, 30
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me
As well as it does you : and I should do it
With much more ease ; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

“ *Pro.* Poor worm ! thou art infected ;

“ This visitation shews it.

“ *Mira.*” You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress ; 'tis fresh morning with
me, 40

When you are by at night. I do beseech you
(Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers),
What is your name ?

Mira. Miranda :—O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so !

Fer. Admir'd Miranda !
Indeed, the top of admiration ; worth
What's dearest to the world ; Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard ; and many a time

The

The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage 50
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil: But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen 60
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skilless of; but, by my modesty
(The jewel in my dower), I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of: "But I prattle
"Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
"I therein do forget."

Fer. I am, in my condition, 70
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than I would suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth:—Hear my soul
speak;—

The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and, for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.

E i i j

Mira.

Mira. Do you love me? 79

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this
sound,

And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me, to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.

“*Pro.* Fair encounter
“Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
“On that which breeds between them!” 90

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take,
What I shall die to want: But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shews. Hence bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no. 100

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

Mira.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't : And now
farewel,
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand, thousand ! [*Exeunt.*

“ *Pro.* So glad of this as they, I cannot be, 110
“ Who are surpriz'd with all ; but my rejoicing
“ At nothing can be more. I'll to my book ;
“ For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
“ Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*”

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Island. Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO,
and TRINCULO, with a Bottle.

Ste. Tell not me ;—when the butt is out, we will
drink water ; not a drop before : therefore bear up,
and board 'em : Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster ? the folly of this island !
They say, there's but five upon this isle : we are three
of them ; if the other two be brain'd like us, the
state totters. 120

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee ; thy
eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else ? he were a
brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in
sack : for my part, the sea cannot drown me : I
swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty
leagues,

leagues, off and on, by this light.—Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard. 130

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou be'st a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe: I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou ly'st, most ignorant monster; I am in case to juggle a constable: why, thou debosh'd fish thou, was there ever a man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster? 143

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me; wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again: bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneel, and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo. 155

Enter

Enter ARIEL invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant;
a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the
island.

Ari. Thou ly'st.

Cal. Thou ly'st, thou jesting monkey, thou; 160
I would, my valiant master would destroy thee:
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his
tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more—[*To Caliban.*] Pro-
ceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him (for, I know, thou dar'st, 170
But this thing dare not——)

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compass'd? Canst thou
bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou ly'st, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py'd ninny's this? Thou scurvy
patch!—

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows, 180
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not shew him
Where

Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger, interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he ly'd? 190

Ari. Thou ly'st.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [*Beats him.*]
As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give thee the lie:—Out o' your wits, and hearing too?—A pox of your bottle! this can sack and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee stand further off. 200

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time, I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him, Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his wezand with thy knife: Remember, First to possess his books: for without them He's but a sot, as I am; nor hath not 210
One spirit to command: They all do hate him,
As rootedly as I: Burn but his books;

He

He hath brave utensils (for so he calls them)
Which, when he has an house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her, a non-pareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and she;
But she as far surpasses Sycorax,
As greastest does least. 220

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter
and I will be king and queen; (save our graces!) and
Trinculo and thyself shall be vice-roys:—Dost thou
like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee;
but, while thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy
head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep;
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure;
Let us be jocund: Will you troul the catch,
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any
reason: Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.* 240

*Flout 'em, and skout 'em; and skout 'em, and flout 'em;
Thought is free.*

Cal.

Cal. That's not the tune. [*ARIEL plays the tune on*

Ste. What is this same? [*a tabor and pipe.*

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the picture of no-body.

Ste. If thou be'st a man, shew thyself in thy likeness: if thou be'st a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee:—
Mercy upon us!

251

Cal. Art thou affeard?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not affeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices;
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought would open, and shew riches
Ready to drop upon me; that when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where
I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away: let's follow it,
And after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I wou'd, I
could see this taborer: he lays it on.

270

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Changes to another Part of the Island. Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTHONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, &c.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, Sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights, and meanders! by your pa-
tience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd, 280
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land: Well, let him go.

Ant. [*Aside to Sebastian.*] I am right glad that he's
so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance, 290
As when they are fresh.

Seb. I say, to-night: no more.

Solemn and strange Musick ; and Prospero on the Top, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a Banquet ; they dance about it with gentle Actions of Salutation ; and, inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends,
hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet musick!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were
these?

Seb. A living drollery: Now I will believe,
That there are unicorns; that, in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both; 300
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders,
(For, certes, these are people of the island)
Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find 310
Many, nay, almost any.

“ *Pro.* Honest lord,
“ Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
“ Are worse than devils. [Aside.]”

Alon. I cannot too much muse,

Such

Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

“*Pro.* Praise in departing. [Aside.”

Fran. They vanish’d strangely. 320

Seb. No matter, since

They have left their viands behind ; for we have
stomachs.—

Will’t please you taste of what is here ?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear : “ When we
were boys,

“ Who would believe that there were mountaineers,

“ Dew-lapp’d like bulls, whose throats had hanging
at ’em

“ Wallets of flesh ; or that there were such men,

“ Whose heads stood in their breasts ? which now,
we find,

“ Each putter out on five for one, will bring us

“ Good warrant of.” 331

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,

Although my last ; no matter, since I feel

The best is past :—Brother, my lord the duke,

Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter ARIEL “ like a Harpy ;

“ claps his Wings upon the Table, and, with a quaint

“ Device, the Banquet vanishes.”

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny,

“ (That hath to instrument this lower world,

F i j

“ And

“ And what is in’t)” the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up ; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit ; you ’mongst men 340
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad ;
And even with such like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves. [ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, and the
Ye fools ! I and my fellows [rest draw their swords,
Are ministers of fate ; the elements
Of whom your swords are temper’d, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock’t-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that’s in my plume ; my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable ; if you could hurt, 350
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be up-lifted : But remember,
(For that’s my business to you) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero ;
Expos’d unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him, and his innocent child : for which foul deed
The powers, delaying not forgetting, have
Incens’d the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace : Thee, of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft ; and do pronounce by me, 360
Ling’ring perdition (worse than any death
Can be at once) shall step by step attend
You, and your ways ; whose wraths to guard you
from
(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads) is nothing, but heart’s sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing,

He

He vanishes “ *in Thunder : then to soft Musick, enter the*
 “ *Shapes again, and dance with Mops and Mowes, and*
 “ *carry out the Table.*

“ *Pro. [Aside.]* Bravely the figure of this harpy
 hast thou

“ Perform’d, my Ariel ; a grace it had, devouring ;
 “ Of my instruction hast thou nothing ’bated,
 “ In what thou had’st to say : so, with good life, 370
 “ And observation strange, my meaner ministers
 “ Their several kinds have done : my high charms
 work,

“ And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
 “ In their distractions : they now are in my power ;
 “ And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit
 “ Young Ferdinand (whom they suppose is drown’d),
 “ And his and my lov’d darling.

“ *[Exit PROSPERO from above.]*

Gon. I’ the name of something holy, sir, why stand
 you

In this strange stare ?

Alon. O, it is monstrous ! monstrous ! 380

Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it ;
 The winds did sing it to me ; and the thunder,
 That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc’d
 The name of Prosper ; it did bass my trespass.

Therefore my son i’ the ooze is bedded ; and
 I’ll seek him deeper than e’er plummet sounded,
 And with him there lie mudded. *[Exit.]*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
 I’ll fight their legions o’er.

Ant. I'll be thy second. [Exeunt. 390

Gon. All three of them are desperate ; their great
guilt,

Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits :—I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

“ *Adri.* Follow, I pray you.” [Exeunt. 397

ACT IV. SCENE I.

PROSPERO'S Cell. Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND,
and MIRANDA.

Prospero.

IF I have too austere-ly punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends ; for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live ; “ whom once again
I tender to thy hand ; ” all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test ; here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift : O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise, 10
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.

Pro.

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou dost break her virgin knot, before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the Heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate, 20
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser Genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust; to take away 30
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke:
Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.—
What, Ariel; my industrious servant Ariel!—

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows, your last
service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick; go, bring the rabble, 40
O'er

O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place :
 Incite them to quick motion ; for I must
 Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
 Some vanity of mine art ; it is my promise,
 And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently ?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, *Come, and go.*
 And breathe twice ; and cry, *so, so ;*
 Each one, tripping on his toe,
 Will be here with mop and moe ;
 Do you love me, master ? no.

50

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel : Do not approach,
 Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive.

[*Exit.*

Pro. Look, thou be true ; do not give dalliance
 Too much the rein ; the strongest oaths are straw
 To the fire i'the blood : be more abstemious,
 Or else, good night your vow !

Fer. I warrant you, sir ;
 The white, cold, virgin-snow upon my heart
 Abates the ardour of my liver.

60

Pro. Well.—

“ Now come, my Ariel ; bring a corollary,
 “ Rather than want a spirit ; appear, and pertly.”——
 No tongue ; all eyes ; be silent.

[*Soft musick.*

A Masque. “ Enter IRIS.

“ *Iris.* Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
 “ Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease ;
 “ Thy

“ Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
“ And flat meads thatch’d with stover, them to keep;
“ Thy banks with pionied and twilled brims, 71
“ Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,
“ To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy
 broom groves,
“ Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
“ Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
“ And thy sea-marge, steril, and rocky-hard,
“ Where thou thyself do’st air; The queen o’ the
 sky,
“ Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I,
“ Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
“ Here on this grass-plot, in this very place, 80
“ To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain;
“ Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

“ *Enter CERES.*

“ *Cer.* Hail, many-colour’d messenger, that ne’er
“ Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
“ Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers;
“ Diffusest honey drops, refreshing showers;
“ And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
“ My bosky acres, and my unshrubbed down,
“ Rich scarf to my proud earth; Why hath thy
 queen
“ Summon’d me hither, to this short-grass’d green?
“ *Iris.* A contract of true love to celebrate; 91
“ And some donation freely to estate
“ On the bless’d lovers.

“ *Cer.*

" *Cer.* Tell me, heavenly bow,
 " If Venus, or her son, as thou dos't know,
 " Do now attend the queen? since they did plot
 " The means, that dusky Dis my daughter got,
 " Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
 " I have forsworn.

" *Iris.* Of her society
 " Be not afraid: I met her deity
 " Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her son
 " Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have
 done

" Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
 " Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid
 " Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
 " Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
 " Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
 " Swears he will shoot no more, but play with spar-
 rows,

" And be a boy right out. 110

" *Cer.* High queen of state,
 " Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait."

Enter JUNO.

" *Jun.* How does my bounteous sister? Go with me,
 " To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
 " And honour'd in their issue."

*Jun. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
 Long continuance, and increasing.
 Hourly joys be still upon you!
 Juno sings her blessings on you.*

Cer.

Cer. *Earth's increase, and foison plenty;* 120
Barns, and garners, never empty;
Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing;
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity, and want, shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

“ *Fer.* This is a most majestic vision, and
 “ Harmonious charmingly : May I be bold
 “ To think these spirits? 130

“ *Pro.* Spirits, which by mine art
 “ I have from their confines call'd to enact
 “ My present fancies.

“ *Fer.* Let me live here ever;
 “ So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
 “ Make this place paradise.

“ *Pro.* Sweet now, silence:
 “ Juno, and Ceres, whisper seriously;
 “ There's something else to do : hush, and be mute,
 “ Or else our spell is marr'd. 140

“ [JUNO and CERES whisper, and send IRIS on
Employment.]

“ *Iris.* You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wand'ring
 brooks,

“ With your sedg'd crowns, and ever harmless looks,
 “ Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
 “ Answer your summons ; Juno does command :
 “ Come,

“ Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
 “ A contract of true love ; be not too late.

“ *Enter certain Nymphs.*

“ You sun-burn’d sicklemen, of August weary,
 “ Come hither from the furrow, and be merry ;
 “ Make holy-day : your rye-straw hats put on,
 “ And these fresh nymphs encounter every one 150
 “ In country footing.”

*Enter certain Reapers, properly habited ; they join with
 the Nymphs in a graceful Dance ; towards the End
 whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks ; “ after
 “ which, to a strange, hollow, and confused Noise, they
 “ vanish heavily.”*

Pro. [*Aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
 Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
 Against my life ; the minute of their plot
 Is almost come. — [*To the spirits.*] Well done ;—
 avoid ;—no more.

Fer. This is strange : your father’s in some passion
 That works him strongly.

Mira. Never till this day,
 Saw I him touch’d with anger so distemper’d.

Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov’d sort, 160
 As if you were dismay’d : be cheerful, sir :
 Our revels now are ended ; these our actors,
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
 Are melted into air, into thin air :
 And, like the baseless fabrick of this vision,

The

The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind: "We are such stuff" 179
 "As dreams are made on, and our little life
 "Is rounded with a sleep."——Sir, I am vex'd;
 Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
 Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
 If thou be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
 And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
 To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wish you peace.

[*Exeunt FER. and MIRA.*]

Pro. Come with a thought:——I thank thee:——
 Ariel, come. 180

PROSPERO comes forward from the Cell; enter ARIEL to him.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to: What's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit,
 We must prepare, to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
 I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,
 Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these
 varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red hot with drink-
 ing;

So full of valour, that they smote the air
 For breathing in their faces; beat the ground 190
 For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
 Towards their project: Then I beat my tabor,
 At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their
 ears,

Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
 As they smelt musick; so I charm'd their ears,
 That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
 Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and
 thorns,

Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
 I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
 "There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
 "O'er-stunk their feet."

Pro. This was well done, my bird:
 Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
 The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
 For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [Exit.

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
 Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
 Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
 And as, with age, his body uglier grows, 210
 So his mind cankers: I will plague them all,
 Even to roaring:—Come, hang them on this line.

[PROSPERO remains invisible.

"Enter

“Enter ARIEL loaden with glistering Apparel, &c.”
Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole
may not

Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a harmless fairy, has done little better than play'd the Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation. 219

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you; look you—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this mischance: therefore, speak
softly;

All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss. 229

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: Yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet: See'st thou
here,

This is the mouth o' the cell; no noise, and enter:

Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody
thoughts.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Ste-
phano! 240

Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. Oh, ho, monster; we know what belongs to
a frippery:—O, king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand,
I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you
mean,

To doat thus on such luggage? Let's along,
And do the murder first: if he awake, 250
From toe to crown he'll fill our skin with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not
this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line:
Now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and
prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do; we steal by line and level, and't
like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment
for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king
of this country: *Steal by line and level*, is an excellent
pass of pate; there's another garment for't. 262

Trin.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this. 270

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A Noise of Hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits in shape of Hounds, hunting them about; PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!"

Pro. "Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!"——

[*To Ariel.*] Go, charge my goblins that they grind
their joints

With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make
them,

Than pard, or cat o'mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar. 280

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies;
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou

G i i j

Shalt

Shalt have the air at freedom : for a little,
Follow, and do me service.

[*Excunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Before the Cell. Enter PROSPERO in his magick Robes,
and ARIEL.*

Prospero.

NOW does my project gather to a head :
My charms crack not ; my spirits obey ; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day ?

Ari. On the sixth hour ; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and his followers ?

Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge ; 10
Just as you left them ; all prisoners, sir,
In the lime-grove which weather-fends your cell ;
They cannot budge, till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted ;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow, and dismay ; but, chiefly,
Him that you term'd *The good old lord, Gonzalo*,
His tears run down his beard, like winter drops
From

From eaves of reeds : your charm so strongly works
'em,

That if you now beheld them, your affections 20
Would become tender.

Pro. Do'st thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions? and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the
quick,

Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury 30
Do I take part : the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance : they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further : Go, release them, Ariel ;
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [Exit.

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and
groves ;

And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him, 40
When he comes back ; you demy-puppets, that
By moon-shine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites ; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms ; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew ; by whose aid

(Weak

(Weak masters though ye be) I have be-dimm'd
 The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
 And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
 Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
 Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak 50
 With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
 Have I made shake: and by the spurs pluck'd up
 The pine, and cedar: graves, at my command,
 Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd, and let them forth
 By my so potent art: But this rough magick
 I here abjure: and, when I have requir'd
 Some heavenly musick (which even now I do),
 To work mine end upon their senses, that
 This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth, 60
 And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
 I'll drown my book. [Solemn musick.]

*Re-enter ARIEL: after him ALONSO with a frantick
 gesture, attended by GONZALO. SEBASTIAN and
 ANTHONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and
 FRANCISCO. They all enter the Circle which PROS-
 PERO had made, and there stand charm'd; which
 PROSPERO observing, speaks.*

"A solemn air, and the best comforter
 "To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
 "Now useless, boil'd within thy skull!" there stand,
 For you are spell-stopp'd.—
 Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
 Mine eyes, even sociable to the shew of thine,
Fall

Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace ;
And as the morning steals upon the night, 70
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.—“ O good Gonzalo,
“ My true preserver, and a loyal sir
“ To him thou follow’st ; I will pay thy graces
“ Home, both in word and deed.”—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter :
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act ;—
Thou’rt pinch’d for’t now, Sebastian.—Flesh and
blood,
You brother mine, that entertain’d ambition, 80
Expel’d remorse, and nature ; “ who, with Sebastian,
“ (Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
“ Would here have kill’d your king ;” I do forgive
thee,
Unnatural though thou art !—Their understanding
Begins to swell ; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me :—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell ;—
I will dis-case me, and myself present, [Exit ARIEL.
As I was sometime Milan :—quickly, spirit ;
Thou shalt e’er long be free.

ARIEL enters singing, and helps to attire him.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I ;

In a cowslip’s bell I lie ;

There

*There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily :
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.*

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel: I shall miss thee ; 100

But yet thou shalt have freedom : " So, so, so."——
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art :
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches ; the master, and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place ;
And presently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [Exit.

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement

Inhabits here ; Some heavenly power guide us 110
Out of this fearful country !

Pro. Behold, sir King,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero :
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body ;
" And to thee, and thy company, I bid
" A hearty welcome."

Alon. Whe'r thou be'st he, or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know : thy pulse 120
Beats, as of flesh and blood ; and, since I saw thee,
The

The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me : this must crave
(An if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign ; and do intreat,
Thou pardon me my wrongs :—But how should Pro-
spero

Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age ; whose honour cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain :—Welcome, my friends all :—
“ But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
“ [*Aside to SEB. and ANT.*

“ I here could pluck his highness’ frown upon you,
 “ And justify you traitors ; at this time
 “ I’ll tell no tales.

“ *Seb.* The devil speaks in him. “ [*Aside.*

"Pro. No:—"

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation :
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore ; where I have lost,
How

How sharp the point of this remembrance is !
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pro. I am woe for't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss ; and patience
Says, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help ; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss ? 160

Pro. As great to me, “ as late ; and, supportable
“ To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
“ Than you may call to comfort you ;” for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter ?

O Heavens ! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there ! that they were, I wish,
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed,
Where my son lies. When did you lose your
daughter ?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire, 171
That they devour their reason ; and scarce think,
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath : but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain,
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan ; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this ;

For

For 'tis a chronicle of day by day, 180
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in;
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

*The Entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND
and MIRANDA playing at Chess.*

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dearest love, 190
I would not for the world.

Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms, you should
 wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle!

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I have curs'd them without cause.

Alon. Now all the blessings 200

[FERDINAND kneels.]

Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mira. O! wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!

H

How

How beauteous mankind is ! O brave new world,
That has such people in't !

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at
play ?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours :
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us, 210
And brought us thus together ?

Fer. Sir, she's mortal ;

But, by immortal Providence, she's mine :
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice ; nor thought, I had one : she
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before ; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me. 220

Alon. I am hers :

But, oh, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness !

Pro. There, sir, stop ;

Let us not burden our remembrance with
An heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you
gods,

And on this couple drop a blessed crown ;
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way 230
Which brought us hither !

“ *Alon.* I say, Amen, Gonzalo !

“ *Gon.*

“ *Gon.* Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his
issue

“ Should become kings of Naples ? O, rejoice
“ Beyond a common joy ; and set it down
“ With gold on lasting pillars : In one voyage
“ Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis ;
“ And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,
“ Where he himself was lost ; Prospero his dukedom,
“ In a poor isle ; and all of us, ourselves, 240
“ When no man was his own.”

Alon. Give me your hands :
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy !

Gon. Be't so, Amen !

*Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly
following.*

O look, sir, look, sir, here are more of us !
I prophesy'd, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown :—Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore ?
Hast thou no mouth by land ? What is the news ?

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely
found 251

Our king, and company : the next, our ship,—
Which but three glasses since, we gave out split,—
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Hij

Ari.

Ari. Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

Pro. My tricky spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen,
From strange to stranger:—Say, how came you
hither? 260

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead asleep,
And (how, we know not) all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several
noises

Of roaring, shrieking, howling, gingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Cap'ring to eye her: On a trice, so please you, 270
Even in a dream, where we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done?

Pro. Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt
be free. } [*Aside.*

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on 280
The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,
(Which

(Which to you shall seem probable) of every
These happen'd accidents : till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well. Come hither,

spirit ;

Set Caliban and his companions free :

[To ARIEL.

} [*Aside.*

Untie the spell. How fares my gracious sir ?

There are yet missing of your company

Some few odd lads, that you remember not. 289

*Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO,
and TRINCULO, in their stolen Apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no
man take care for himself ; for all is but fortune :—
Coragio, bully-monster, Coragio !

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my
head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed !
How fine my master is ! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

“ *Seb.* Ha, ha ;

“ What things are these, my lord Anthonio !

“ Will money buy them ? 300

“ *Ant.* Very like ; one of them

“ Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.”

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say, if they be true :—This mis-shapen
knave,—

His mother was a witch ; and one so strong

That

That could controul the moon, make flows and ebbs,

“ And deal in her command without her power : ”

These three have robb'd me ; and this demi-devil
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them

To take my life : two of these fellows, you 310

Must know, and own ; this thing of darkness, I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler ?

Seb. He's drunk now : where had he wine ?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe : where should
they

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them ?—

How cam'st shou in this pickle ?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you
last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones : I
shall not fear fly-blowing. 321

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano ?

Ste. O, touch me not ; I am not Stephano, but a
cramp.

Pro. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah ?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.

[*Pointing to CALIBAN.*

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners,
As in his shape :—Go, sirrah, to my cell ;
Take with you your companions ; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely. 330

Cal. Ay, that I will ; and I'll be wise hereafter,

And

And seek for grace : What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool ?

Pro. Go to ; away !

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you
found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell : where you shall take your rest 340
For this one night ; which (part of it) I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away : the story of my life,
And the particular accidents, gone by,
Since I came to this isle : And in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptials
Of these our dear beloved solemniz'd ;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave. 350

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all ;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel ;—chick,—
That is thy charge, then to the elements } *Aside.*
Be free, and fare thou well !—Please you, draw near.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by PROSPERO.

*NOW my charms are all o'erthrown,
 And what strength I have's mine own,
 Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
 I must be here confin'd by you,
 Or sent to Naples: let me not,
 Since I have my dukedom got,
 And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
 In this bare island, by your spell;
 But release me from my bands,
 With the help of your good hands.
 Gentle breath of yours, my sails
 Must fill, or else my project fails,
 Which was to please: Now I want
 Spirits to enforce, art to enchant:
 And my ending is despair,
 Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,
 Which pierces so, that it assaults
 Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
 As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
 Let your indulgence set me free!*

THE END.



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